

Life



MAY 28, 1925

Here's Looking At You

PRICE 15 CENTS



Lifetime

*On the high wave of public approval
this pen sweeps to a mighty triumph*

The American people now know what a great pen ought to be. For the first time, unnumbered thousands of users, who have purchased the new jade Lifetime, realize what it means to own a truly competent fountain pen. Also, they have learned that Sheaffer's *unlimited guarantee* means just what it implies. Not only a more beautiful pen, but one that gives high and hard service, for a lifetime! Now made of Radite, a new and luminous material, rare blend of jewel-like beauty with tenacious strength—fitting raiment for a flawless writer. "Spot it by the dot" in its field of green—white dot.

Jade "Lifetime" for men, \$8.75—for women, \$7.50 Pencil to match, \$3.75

A complete line at better stores everywhere

SHEAFFER'S
PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

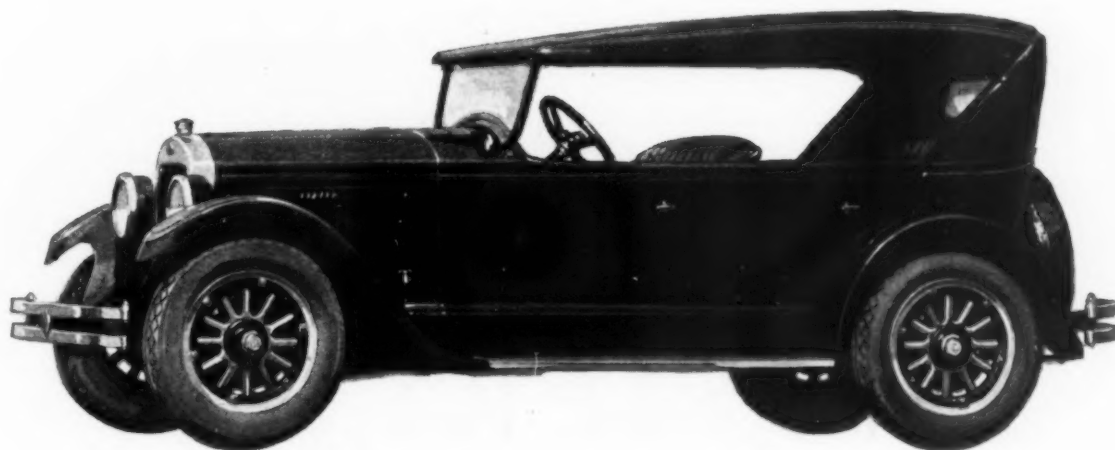
W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON, IOWA

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DONALD
DENTON




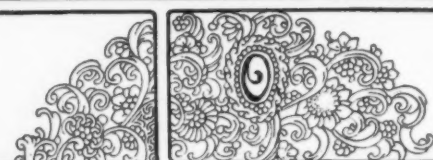
IF YOU HAVE DRIVEN the new Hupmobile Eight, you know there is a difference in motoring. You know that you have never experienced anything like it and you wouldn't know where to turn to duplicate it. For you recognize that it is far above and beyond all previous motoring. If you haven't driven this Eight, then by all means *drive* it—and when you do, be prepared to want it as you've never in your life wanted any car.

GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR HUPMOBILE DEALER. HE IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW



Four body types, not excelled within \$1000 of their prices in beauty, finish and equipment. Five-passenger Sedan, \$2375; Four-passenger Coupe, \$2275; Touring Car and Roadster, \$1975. Prices F.O.B. Detroit; tax to be added. Equipment includes four-wheel brakes, balloon tires, bumpers front and rear, snubbers, transmission lock, automatic windshield cleaner, rear view mirror. A Hupmobile four-cylinder car, in a complete line of popular body types, at prices which make them the outstanding value in their field.

THE HUPMOBILE EIGHT



For men as well as for women, hosiery is now, more than ever before, a conspicuous part of the wearing apparel. Fine stockings are in evidence everywhere. The badly dressed ankle is today a serious handicap. Because it has brought handsome and economical hosiery within the reach of all, Phoenix has established a world leadership and has become *standard* everywhere. For elegance and long-mileage endurance, the thrifty public buys Phoenix

HOSIERY



P H O E N I X



Life



"I'D LIKE A POUND OF SAUSAGES, AND WOULD YOU MIND DOING THEM UP SO THEY'LL LOOK LIKE A QUART OF SCOTCH?"

If Monsieur Kerkoff, Parfumeur, Should Write an Advertisement on Lubricating Oils

IS it that *monsieur* would care for a *soupeçon* of Lubricating Oils? It is oh, so necessary that one lubricate the wheels of one's Steel Mills! But wait: Kerkoff has assembled the oils, the greases, the slushes *d'Afrique*. Assembled them in boxes, barrels, and kegs, of a so simple and yet elegant a design, that *Monsieur le Superintendent*, his *Foreman de la Factorerie*, et le overseer of the Textile Mill will say, "An Oil superb!"

There is an Oil for gadgets, delicately perfumed, made of the strong yet graceful fish—and an Oil for cylinders alone, of a color most subtle. Veritably a wealth of Oils to choose from!

And, *monsieur*, et le Overseer de la *Factorerie*, le Manager du Works, a little secret—Kerkoff's Secret—ah, but that would be telling, would it not, how we compound our so delightful Lubricating Oils?

Sprinkle them, *monsieur*, upon your trains, your factories, your engines, and learn the secret of their fascination. The Lubricating Oils of Kerkoff are not to be resisted, *mais non*? Ah, *mais oui*!

Mattie S. Watson.

Go-Getters Both Ways

GAFF: They now have a school for dry agents in Philadelphia, I hear.

GAFF: What do they teach them? Salesmanship?

Ballade of Temperance

I SPEAK not of liquor—the land hasn't got Any hard stuff to save or to spare; Of the choice between total abstainer and sot I have talked a bit more than my share.

But I'm out with a gun, as I'm free to declare, For that prince of opinionless snides

Who says of each argument, fair or unfair, "There is much to be said on both sides."

I can never be sure if he's for me or not,

But I always am sure I don't care; He's a Temperate Man—neither chilly nor hot— And how can he be on the square?

We expect something else on their minds but their hair Whom we choose to be judges and guides,

And they help not who say, with a smirk debonaire, "There is much to be said on both sides."

He calls it Calm Judgment!—I know that is rot—

It is plain, pusillanimous Scare! He's afraid he'll offend if he says what is what, And it's simply a case of Don't Dare.

I prefer the intemperate man who can swear To a fact, to the mutt who bestrides

The fence of opinion, and bleats from up there, "There is much to be said on both sides!"

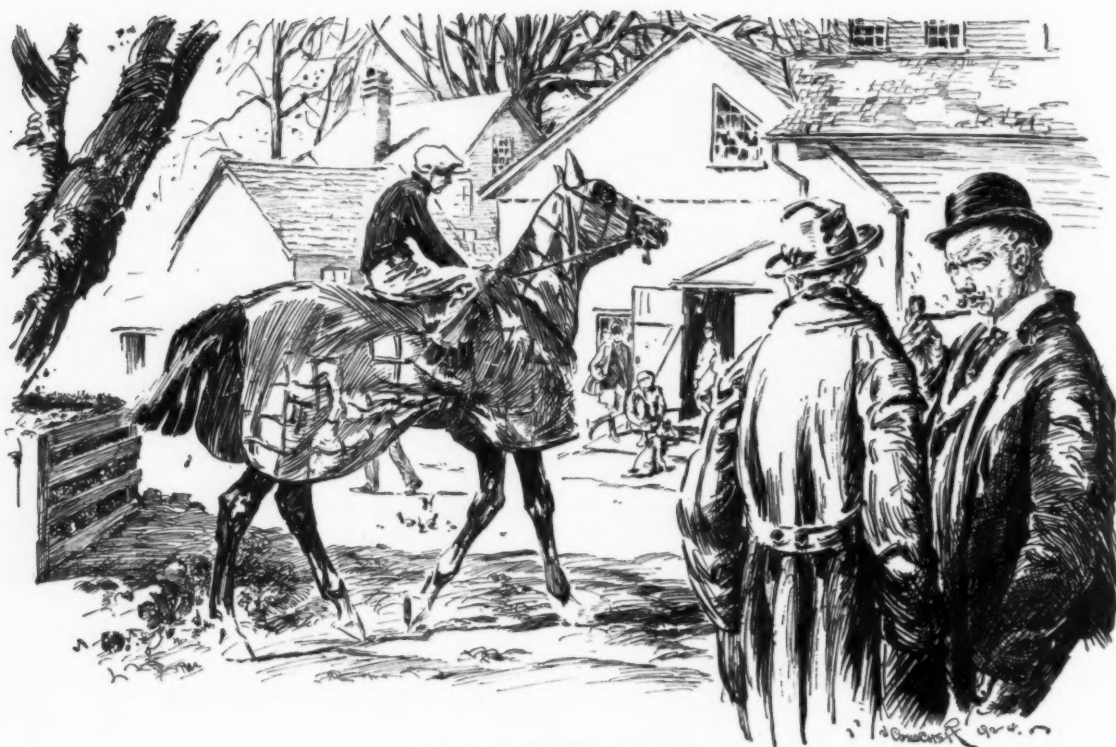
L'ENVOI

I suppose when he goes where all motives are bare, And Justice Eternal abides, Between heaven and hell he will hang in the air, There's so much to be said on both sides!

Ted Robinson.



"STOP, FRED—I LEFT MY GLOVES ON THE NOTION COUNTER AT BIMBEL'S AND YOU'LL HAVE TO TURN RIGHT AROUND AND GO BACK FOR THEM."



"I'M A RACIN' MAN MESELF."

"HOSSES?"

"HOMIN' PIGEONS."

Fisherman's Luck

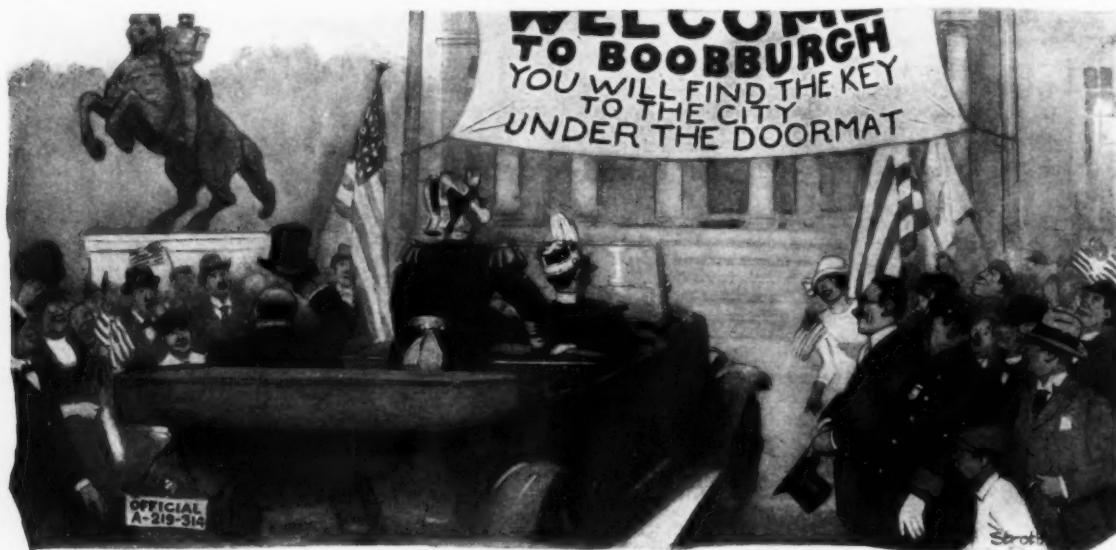
TED: Did Tom have a good time on the fishing party?

NED: I guess so. When I asked him about it he didn't remember he'd been there.

The Ennui Germ

"I DON'T understand why they parted. I always thought their marriage was a eugenic one."

"Well, perhaps they got sick of each other, dear!"



TIME-SAVING SUGGESTION FOR MAYORS

On the Floor of the Reebis Gulf

Communication from the "Reasonably" Expedition

By Robert Benchley

On Board S. S. "Reasonably,"

May 23.

THE progress of LIFE's expedition in the ship *Reasonably* to explore the flora and fauna of the sea-bottom of the Reebis Gulf has been quite slow, owing to the surprising amount of water we have had to drop through even to reach the bottom. This unexpected obstacle we account for in the early advent of the submarine rainy-season. The submarine rainy-season does not usually begin until late November, but this year, on account of the late Easter, it has already started in with a vengeance. This makes our nets damp and sticky and hinders our divers, who have to wear slickers over their already heavy diving suits.

We have, however, succeeded in bringing to the surface several good hauls of whatever that terrible stuff is that grows along the sea-bottom. "Gurry," we call it, but I don't suppose that that is the right name for it. It is rather like a vine of some sort, except that it has a face.

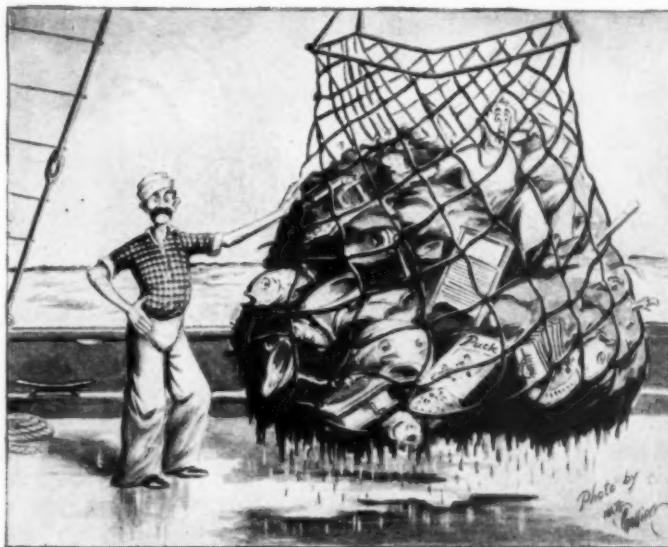
LAST Thursday, for instance, our scoop brought up to the deck of the *Reasonably* a mess of perfectly dandy things. There were some wee pelagic anemones, all rosy from their ocean dip, little cross-stitch barnacles, several yards of an herbage without a name and which I hope never does have a name, a small male watermelon-fish (so-called because it is full of seeds similar to those of a male watermelon), and a safety-razor blade. All these were taken into the ship's laboratory and thrown away.

We have, however, located one species of deep-sea fauna which ought to prove of considerable value. This is the submarine robin, or flying sponge. This interesting little chap was pulled over

the side of the boat on Wednesday by Dr. Atemus and has kept us in gales of laughter ever since. It is really more like a sponge except that it has wings and has the song-note of a robin. It flies through the spaces under the water looking for worms, and when it has found one it flies back to its nest, where it deposits the tasty bit in the mouths of the little robins, who tweet with delight.

The worm itself is worthy of special note. These deep-sea worms are not at all like the angle-worms which you use in the States for fishing. They are

know how he came there, as he was not, and never had been, interested in shellfish and he actually hated clams (that is, to eat; he had no animus against clams). Mr. Harris, or Harrit, said that the last thing he remembers before finding himself on the deck of the *Reasonably* with the mess of crustaceans was walking up Seventh Ave., New York City, late in March. From then on his mind is a blank. We asked him if he wanted to go back to New York again, and, as he didn't seem to care much one way or the other, we threw him back in the ocean.



A DAY'S CATCH

something in the nature of a button, and they walk erect. When pursued by the submarine robin they run at a great rate along the floor of the sea, scampering back and forth and dodging between rocks and bunkers until they are completely winded. Then the robin swoops down on them and carries them off, a kicking, giggling prey.

IN the haul last Saturday, Dr. Wrenser, while poking among the crabs and shellfish which are part of every load, discovered a man named Harris, or Harrit. The man said that he didn't

NEXT week, as soon as we get rid of this deep-sea rain, we hope to send down divers to see what there is directly under the *Reasonably* which keeps bouncing so. It is all right during the day-time, but along about eleven o'clock at night we notice a sort of agitation which sometimes is so great as to jar the dishes in the scullery. We really haven't any idea what it is, and I should never have mentioned it at all were it not that I thought the readers of LIFE would be interested.

Well, there goes six bells and I must close now. At six bells regu-

larly each evening we have fire-drill, and I am proctor for my corridor. Love to the Museum.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the third in a series of articles by Mr. Benchley on popular science and good sport in general. The fourth article will appear in the Commencement Number next week.

A Matter of Luck

OLDER GENERATION: Do you mean to say that you went out to dinner with a perfect stranger?

YOUNGER GENERATION: Not perfect, Mother, but the best I could pick up!



A BRITISH scientist, Sir RONALD Ross, believes that he can devise a scheme for extending the average span of life to a hundred and fifty years—but we're afraid that he won't get much encouragement from the average taxpayer.

⌋

One lesson learned from the late war maneuvers about Hawaii is that the Navy Department's idea of diplomatic phrasing is to refer to the imaginary enemy as "a Pacific power," and expect every one to think it means Siam.

⌋

The "Grand Fleet," during the maneuvers, executed at sea a forty-degrees turn, or one hundred and forty degrees less than several admirals have made on the air power question.

⌋

Congress, we hear, will be urged to make Hawaii "the Gibraltar of the Pacific," thus laying the foundation of another successful life insurance selling campaign.

⌋

The report that the Government's surplus for the current fiscal year will be about \$100,000,000 is not necessarily alarming. Bills have not yet begun to come in for the clerical help employed to determine who won the Battle of Oahu.

⌋

Another problem of the business world has been solved by MUS-SOLINI, who now holds four different offices in the Italian Cabinet. He is said to be the only executive who can go into conference with himself.

⌋

The Department of Agriculture, one reads, is trying to standardize meats. Does this mean an "Eat-More-Hash" Week?

⌋

Chief of Police JAMES CAVAN- DER, of Des Moines, plans a weekly motor truck parade of captured bootleggers confined in stocks, "to inform the public of

the bootleggers' true standing in society." Placards will be hung about the bootleggers' necks which will, we hope, include their telephone numbers and the latest quotations on Scotch.

⌋

The Des Moines bootleggers have a right to demand that they be confined only in genuine, pre-war stocks.

The German women, who are credited with having elected HINDENBURG, are now demanding that he take to himself a wife. He might have known there was a catch in it somewhere.

⌋

Tuscola, Ill., reports the birth of a pig with one head, two bodies, eight legs, two tails and three ears.

The Chamber of Commerce of Winsted, Conn., will take decisive steps to meet this competition from the Middle West.

⌋

A pig with three ears should stimulate a big boom in the silk purse industry.

⌋

On page 32 of this issue you will find a communication from Capt. GEORGE L. DARTE, the official publicist of the Military Order of the World War, whose remarks have been subjected to comment in this department on several occasions.

Capt. DARTE's views on military preparedness do not coincide with ours, but we are glad to publish his letter, and shall welcome other expressions of opinion on the same subject.

A Worthy Cause

SEVEN years have elapsed since the A. E. F. first went into action at Cantigny and Belleau Wood, and seven years are apt to place a terrific strain on the average memory. But there are some things that we must not forget: there are veterans of these battles still in hospital—still giving till it hurts for their country.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars are selling Buddy Poppies this week, made by disabled and needy ex-service men, and LIFE urges that you buy as many of them as possible, for as much as you can give. All the proceeds of the sale are used for the relief of men disabled in the war.

Surely, this is not too much to ask.



THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

AGITATED ABNER



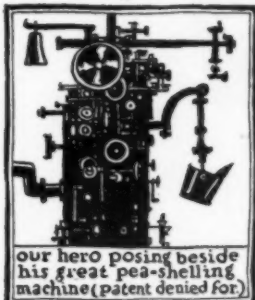
our hero in one of his brighter moments.

WHEN Abner Eads lived next to us his garden truck was famous



our hero in his great cabbage-pulling act.

for virtues people like to get in vittles they have up and et.



our hero posing beside his great pea-shelling machine (patent denied for).

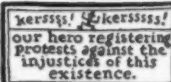
His peas and spinach, beans and spuds were just the ultimate in fuds



abner posing beside his faithful firdson, friend and confidante of many many years.

and in the patch by his garage, ah, sacré green! ah, quelle cabbage! His truck was always in demand

but Abner grousched to beat the band because he wanted from the soil more vegetation with less toil.



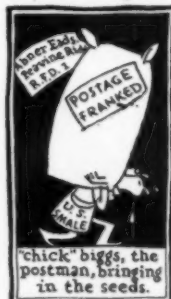
our hero registering protests against the injustices of this existence.

"Aha! potential 'Quickseed' fan!" quoth Wanchar Voght, his congressman,



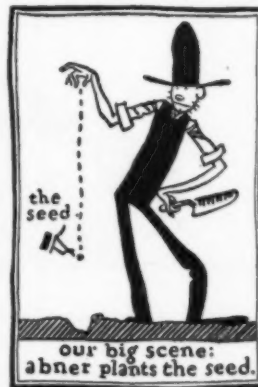
slats (dabe) voght, sixth brightest thing in congress

"the Government will ship to you the fastest seeds that ever grew!"



'chick' biggs, the postman, bringing in the seeds.

They came and Abner planted one, then yelled and took it on the run.



the seed

our big scene: abner plants the seed.



our hero under weigh.

That plant was tangled round his neck before old Ab could dodge, by heck!



ab beholds his first "quickseed" peavine.

Twelve rods away Ab turned to see that vegetable now a tree.



birdie clen- ching teeth preparatory to trying for limb.

A birdie, trying for a limb, missed wide-it grew too fast for him!



our hero — (but see contiguous text.)

"Well, safety first!" says Ab, and sowed 'em, stepping backward as he throwed 'em, giving each a good, wide berth

as it busted from the earth.



our hero takes the big spill. (see text for the agonizing details.)

That was clever but he tripped up, seeds broadcasting as he slipped up.



jeeswee perdo'd our hero, last chirp.

Howling Ab bewailed his bungle from his up-and-coming jungle.



night shift of the rescue party, resting.

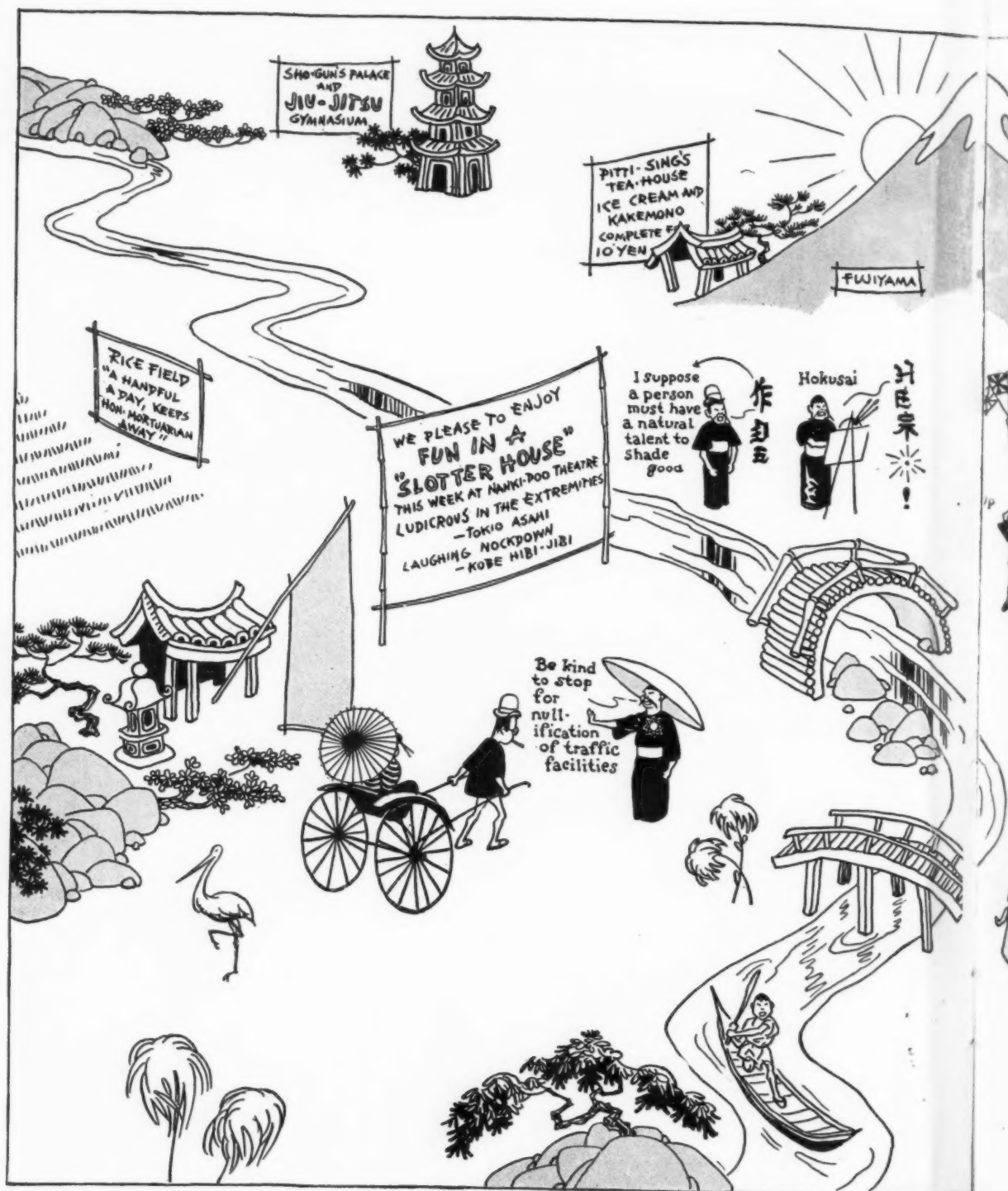
Futile hands essayed his salvage ere he lost his spark and valvage.



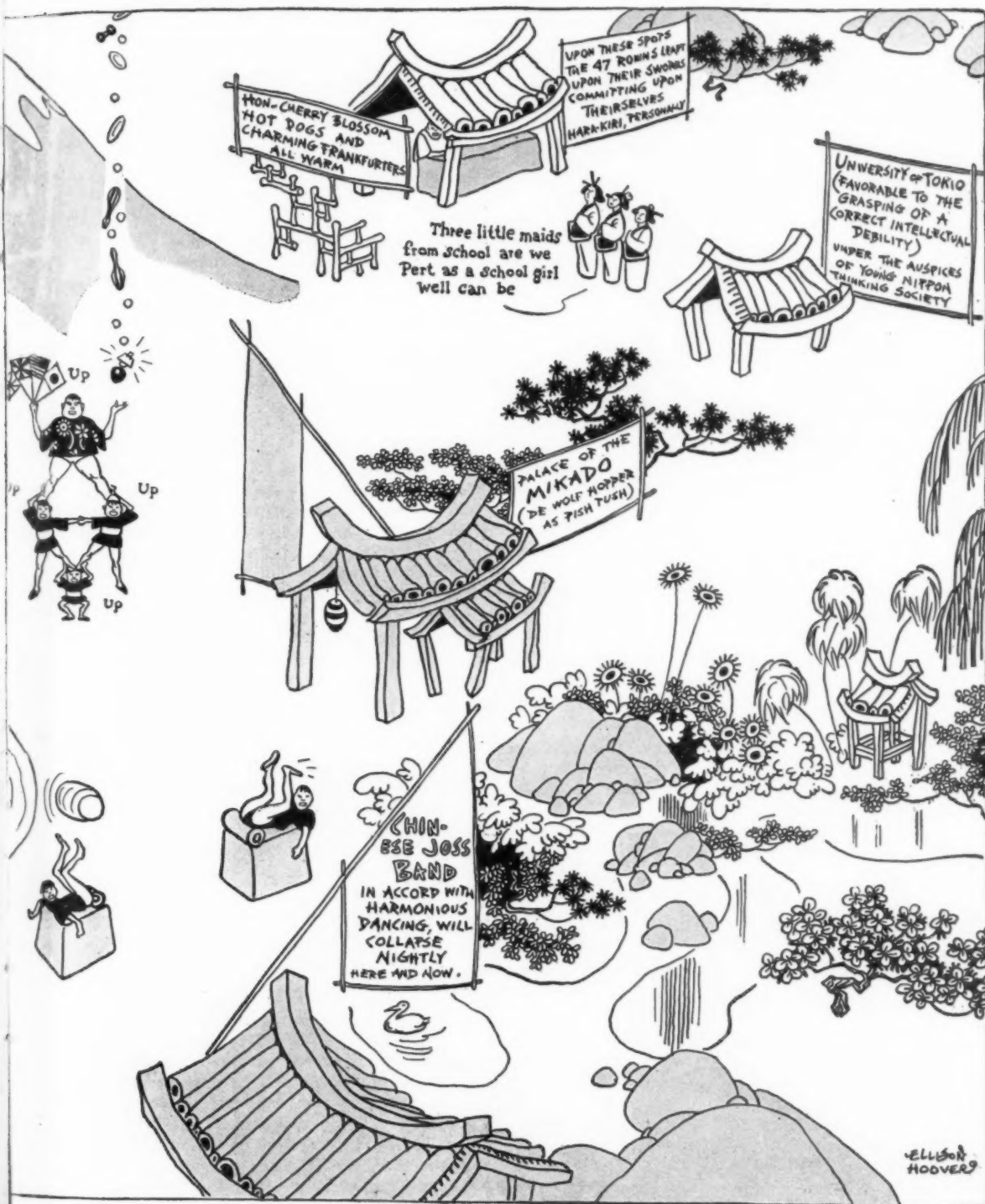
HERE LIE THE BONES OF ABNER EADS AND THAT'S NO MERE FIGURE OF SPEECH

finis. (the end.)

Buzzards and exposure bleached him weeks before we ever reached him.



An Impression of Tokio By C



By One Who Has Never Been There



"WHAT DOES SHE DO, COMMANDER?"
 "OH, ABOUT SIXTY KNOCKS AN HOUR."

Sad, Very Sad

ATTENDANT (*in insane asylum*): This unfortunate man is our worst case. He is not only a hopeless lunatic but also a victim of St. Vitus's dance.

VISITOR: Indeed! How did he get that way?

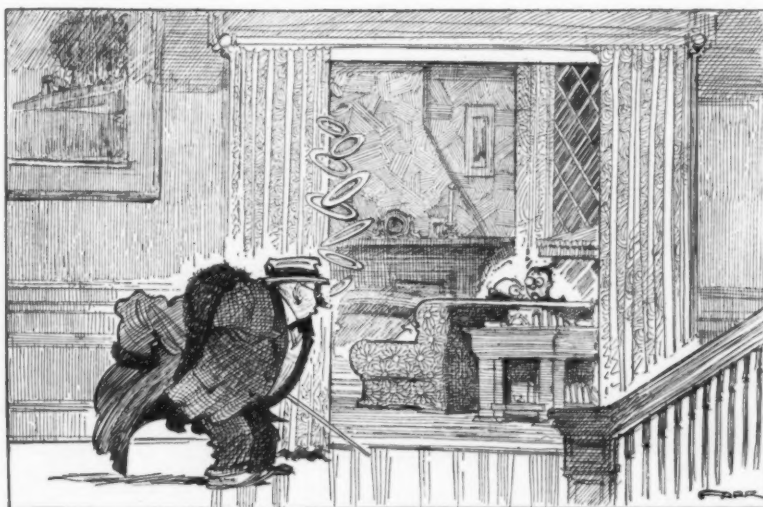
ATTENDANT: He tried to observe all the laws.

A Scant Mouthful

THE OLD GENTLEMAN: What's your baby brother's name?

THE KID: William Leon Archibald Gustave Eustace Billings, but we all call him William Leon Archibald for short.

THE Prince of Monaco is quarreling with the gambling authorities. But it isn't the first time they've split.



THE OLD MAN'S HOME

White House Chit-Chat

("William Randolph Hearst was a guest to-day at the White House for luncheon. The publisher had nothing to say as he left, but indicated that the subjects discussed did not bear on public questions."
 —Washington dispatch.)

MR. COOLIDGE (*politely*): You're a newspaper man, aren't you, Mr.—ah—?

MR. HEARST: Hearst is the name. Why, yes, I am.

COOLIDGE (*more politely*): I've often thought it must be an extremely fascinating profession. You must have some very interesting experiences. Did you ever meet the Mayor of New York—Mayor—ah—?

HEARST: Hylan. Yes, I've met him.

COOLIDGE (*after a short pause*): What paper are you on, Mr.—ah—?

HEARST: Hearst. W. R. Hearst. Why, to tell you the truth, I'm connected with several.

COOLIDGE: Oh, yes, of course, of course. Every little bit helps, I suppose. Hearst—Hearst—where have I heard that name before? Didn't you own a horse once, Mr. Hearst?

HEARST (*puzzled*): A horse? Why, no, I've some cows in Mexico, but—

COOLIDGE (*a bit petulantly*): I'm sure I heard that you owned a horse. A horse named Exhaust or Brake Lining—no—Spark Plug, that's it!

HEARST: Oh, Spark Plug! Well, you see, Spark Plug isn't exactly a real horse. He's just a picture of a horse.

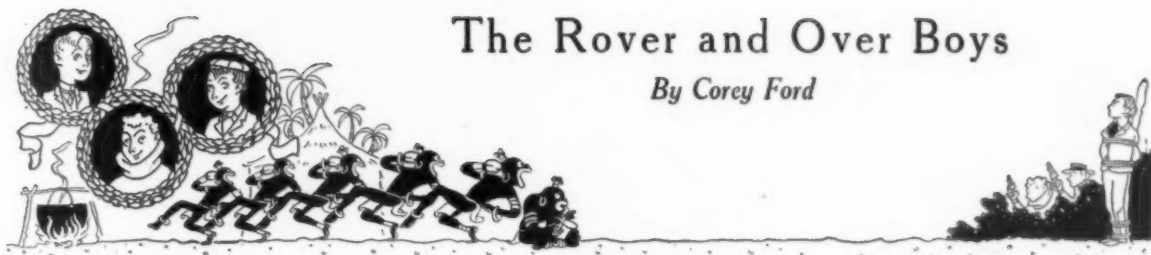
COOLIDGE (*after mulling this over for some time*): Odd! But no matter. By the way, Mr.—ah—Hearst, I knew a newspaper man once myself—chap named Collins, of the *Bellows Falls Times*. He came to see me once about a picture and a write-up. You know him, of course?

HEARST: I'm sorry, but I can't say I do.

COOLIDGE (*perplexed*): Very odd! I thought all you newspaper chaps knew each other. Well, Mr.—ah—Hearst, I suppose you will have to be getting back to the office to call up people or practice your shorthand or something. Tell your editor it was very kind of him to let you off for an hour for luncheon. If you ever want a picture for a write-up of me, there's probably one around the house somewhere. Good-by.... "Not a real horse," he said, "just the picture of a horse."...The man must be crazy. *Tip Bliss.*

The Rover and Over Boys

By Corey Ford



Volume III: How Tom Pranked a Lot of Cannibals

"HARK!" said Tom. "Do you hear anything?"

"No," said Sam. "Do you?"

"No," said Tom. "Do you, Dick?"

"No," replied Dick seriously.

"Then there isn't anything," said Tom with a sigh of relief, "and here we are starting another Rover Boys' Book in the accustomed manner. As our readers well know, Dan Baxter had left the Rover Boys in the lurch just at the conclusion of the previous volume. It was while exploring this lurch to find some way to continue the series that Tom cried, 'Do you hear anything?' and both Dick and Sam replied, 'No,' as related in the present volume of this series, entitled, 'The Rover Boys' Series.' In this volume," he concluded, "we shall learn how the Rover Boys found the secret of the Hidden Treasure."

"Where are we going to find the secret?" mused Sam.

"In the last chapter," replied Dick seriously.

"What chapter is it now?" asked Sam; and Dick struck a match.

CHAPTER TWO

"CRIPES, is that all?" exclaimed Sam in disgust. "Well, let's go hunting, and kill some time." And so saying he aimed his gun at a high branch and knocked off a couple of hours.

"There seems to be plenty of game here," said Dick, as he noted several kangaroos who were shadow-boxing in a nearby thicket. "What shall we shoot?"

"Let's shoot some dice," suggested Tom, pointing to a male and female

douse which were rolling together in the sand; and his brothers seized their guns and followed the game with interest.

"Tom! Tom!"

"Hark!" cried Tom Rover, halting as Dick and Sam went on ahead. "Some one is calling me."

"Tom! Tom!" came again from across the island: and without further ado the fun-loving Rover left his brothers and plunged into the bushes, running rapidly in the direction of the sound. What was his surprise to stumble abruptly into a group of naked cannibals seated about a fire.

"Tom! Tom!" went the native drum; and then too late poor Tom saw his natural mistake, as the savages surrounded him and executed a Zulu war-dance.

"Hurrah for Tom Rover!" shouted the hungry cannibals, flourishing their tomahawks in the air and cheering lustily; and when they had executed

their war-dance they fell upon it and devoured it ravenously.

Amid much laughter and applause the Negroes slowly formed a huge semi-circle about Tom, who was seated in the center beside the Zulu king, Zuloaga. Then a Negro at one end of the semi-circle laid down his tambourine, stepped forward and bowed. "Rastus," he said, "who was dat

lady I seen you wid las' night?"

"Dat was no ladle, Sambo," replied the man at the other end, "dat was mah knife." And then while Tom and the Negroes applauded violently, the two end-men did a soft-shoe dance, and responded with a rousing "Mammy" song for an encore.

"Well, Mistah Interlockutah," said the Cannibal King to Tom, "dis am a great day fo' de race, sho' 'nuff!"

"So this is a great day for the race, eh?" repeated Tom with a smile. "Well, Mr. Johnson, maybe you'll tell us now what race is this a great day for?"

"Fo' de No'dic race!" replied "Mr. Johnson," baring his white teeth in a grin and bowing to several friends in the audience, while the house
(Continued on page 30)



THE TWO END-MEN RESPONDED WITH A ROUSING "MAMMY" SONG FOR AN ENCORE.



AS THE NATIVES DIPPED THEIR PADDLES INTO THE WATER, THE ISLAND STARTED IN HOT PURSUIT.



"QUEER 'BOUT EPH DYIN' SO SUDDEN—WHAT THE CORONER'S JURY SAY?"

"WA-LL, THEY AGREES IT WAS A VISITATION OF GOD UNDER VERY SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

May
21st

Up betimes, and off to investigate the report that caviar can be bought at the Queensborough Market for an outlay of only one dollar and ten cents the pound, and found it true, to my delight, so bought as many jars as I could transport without being mistaken for a pedlar, and did derive from the reasonable prices hanging over the various stands a feeling that I had strayed into a bit of heaven on earth. Resolved to buy the bulk of our provisions there in the future instead of from the robbers in our neighborhood. Thence to an inn to lunch with Florence Brown, and we agreed, as usual, upon many things, in especial that most people are inclined to place too great a value upon pure reason. I never come home from a visit to a sensible family, quoth F., that I do not thank God that my children are all fools.... Agnes Marshall to dine with us, and she did keep up such a chatter about what this man had said to her and that man had given her that I was at some pains not to blush for such sex egotism. Do you know what is the matter with her? asked Sam after she departed, and when I paused a bit, he added, She has the Queen-of-the-May complex.

(Continued on page 29)

Ode to an Oyster

OH, give a thought to the gentle oyster,
Snug for a while in a muddy bed—
Puffing his pipe in his clammy cloister,
Safer by far than the quadruped.
Oh, how he loafs as he lolls inanely,
Deep in his liquid lair immersed—
Whether eugenic or slightly ptomainely,
Safe is he now till September first.

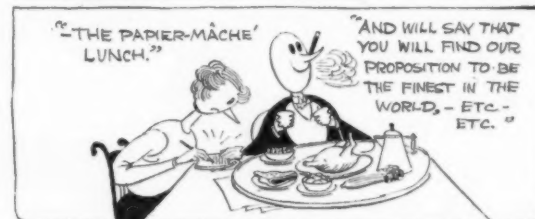
He flouts the flounders and herring haughty
That swim above in serried rows,
And at the crabs and eels this naughty
Chap attempts to thumb his nose.
But all they say is: "Just remember
It doesn't pay to be too smart,
And that you'll be, say next September,
The preface to an à la carte."

Arthur L. Lippmann.

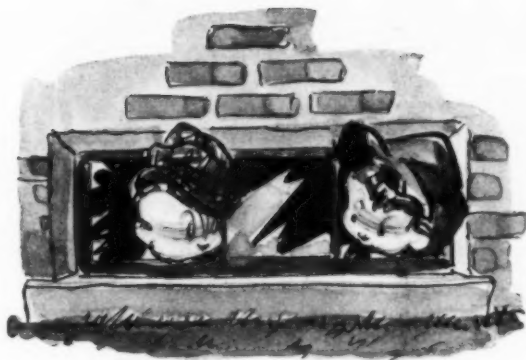
A Suggestion

RANTING REFORMER: The stage must be purified!
The screen must be cleansed! The dance must be censored! The bathing suit must be—
VOICE: Aw, cut it short.

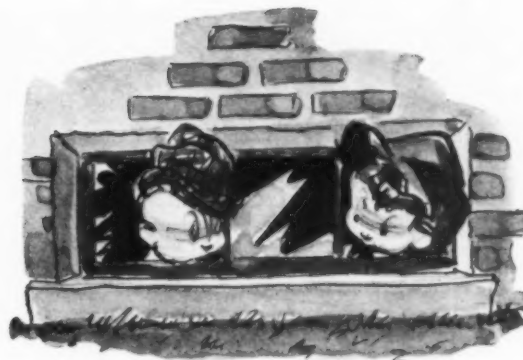
THE original model of the telephone has been offered to the museum of the University of Kentucky. However, as it differs materially from the model of to-day, the attitude of the Kentucky Legislature toward evolution will probably prevent the acceptance of the gift.



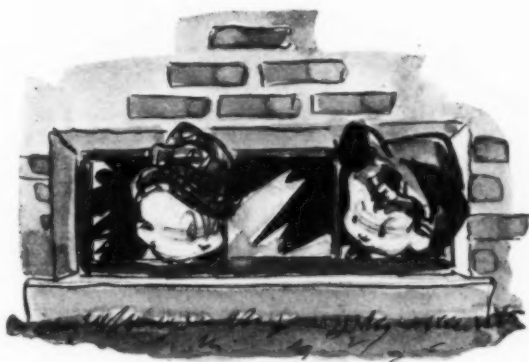
THE MAN WHO COULDN'T DO BIG THINGS EXCEPT AT LUNCH



Skipper: THERE'S BEEN A LOT O' CONVERSATION ABOUT YOUR UNCLE BEIN' A GLASS BLOWER. WHERE DOES HE DO HIS ACT?
 "HE BLOWS UP POTS IN THE FIVE-AND-TEN-CENT STORE."
 "WHAT KIND OF POTS?"
 "VOZZES."



Skipper: I SHOULD IMAGINE THAT'S VERY HARD WORK.
 "NOT FOR ME UNCLE OLAF; HE'S A GLASS-BLOWIN' FOOL."
 "OH, WELL—EASY COME, EASY GO."
 "IF YA WANTA SEE A BREATH-HOLDIN' RACE, COME TO THE HOUSE OF A SUNDAY WHEN HE HAS THE GANG FROM THE SHOP UP."
 "IS THAT A BUZZ?"
 "YOU BETCHA."



Skipper: ALL RIGHT. I'LL EASE ME WAY UP.
 "ME EARS'LL BE CLEAN FER YA WHISTLE; BUT WHEN YA COME, DON'T AST NO QUESTIONS IF YA SEE THEM SITTIN' AROUND POIPLE IN THE FACE, BECAUSE THEN THE RACE IS ON."
 "IN THESE RACES—HOW DOES YOUR UNCLE TOOT ALONG?"
 "OH, IT JUST GALLS THEM TO SEE HIM GET BLACK IN THE FACE. THEN WHEN THEY BRING HIM TO I TELL HIM HE WINS. SOME OF THEM DON'T EVEN STAY FOR SUPPER, THEY GET SO JEALOUS."



Skipper: THAT ALL SOUNDS LIKE A TOOTSY POP FROM "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."
 "DO I LOOK LIKE A GUY TO PEDDLE BALLOON SOUP TO MY NEAREST FRIEND?"
 "SOOKY, WITH ME YOU'RE TATTOOED WITH BIBLE PITCHERS."
 "WELL, I ALWAYS SAID IF THERE'S ONE GUY NURSIN' A PAIR O' WINGS IN THIS TOWN IT'S SKIPPER SKINNER."
 "FROM NOW ON WE COME THROUGH CLEAN OR MEASURE ME FOR A SET O' STARS."
 "MY NEAREST FRIEND, BRAND ME IF I DON'T."
 "ALL RIGHT, THEN, THIS GAS HOUSE THAT YOU GOT FOR AN UNCLE—JUST HOW HARD CAN HE BLOW?"
 "BLOW—HE THINKS NOTHIN' O' BLOWIN' A HOLE THROUGH A FLOWER POT."

Skipper



MAY 28, 1925

VOL. 85. 2221

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE papers said that Dean Inge went home second-class. If so, it was partly, no doubt, out of regard for economy, but possibly also to be less exposed to

the society of the people who travel first-class. Either of these reasons for going second-class is sufficient, but he was not rated second-class while he was ashore. Not at all. We have not had an imported entertainer in this country so distinctly first-class for some time. Will Rogers suits a good many people, and possibly if Dr. Inge kept at it week in and week out he would find it hard to better Rogers's record as a public speaker; but performing here for three weeks, exposing a mind sensitive to new impressions and with a notable gift for disclosing them, Dr. Inge, while he stayed with us, was undoubtedly the best entertainment offered. Hylan is not in his class at all as a talker. There are minds, of course, that pasture happily in the baseball columns, but for any one who wants to read something and get a reaction from it, the almost daily remarks of Dr. Inge were a godsend.

Gloomy Dean? Nonsense! The man is a humorist. Moreover, besides that, he is a journalist, making copy almost daily for the newspapers and good copy at that. Bishop Manning could not believe, so he said, that the Dean (disparaging the Zionists) told the reporters that the Jews should rebuild the Temple of Solomon here in New York where they have the largest number of Jews "and plenty of Gentiles to fleece." It was quite incredible to Bishop Manning, who regards this world just now with the eyes of a Bishop and a raiser

of funds, that the Dean could have said anything so saucy as that about the Jews. "I cannot believe—" he said. "I do not believe that Dean Inge used those words as they were quoted." Perhaps not, but probably he did. Nobody but Dr. Manning seems to doubt it, and Dr. Manning's doubt, to tell the truth, seems a bit political; the doubt of a man who deprecates the inexpedient. Dr. Manning does not want anybody to joke about the Jews just at present while he is trying to raise fifteen million dollars. That is a proper attitude for him, but really for Dr. Inge to jolt the Jews while Dr. Manning passes the hat may prove to be a useful division of labor. The Jews may come across just to flout Dean Inge.

Undoubtedly there are a lot of Jews in New York and they have acquired and accumulated a lot of money, but do they fleece the Gentiles? Do they create wealth or merely divert to themselves the wealth that is made by other people? No doubt some Jews fleece some Gentiles, but there are plenty of Gentiles who do the same. One observes that when the Jews get firmly established in any line of business, as department stores or theatres, they are able presently to crowd out most of their Gentile competitors. But competition is the life of trade, and probably Jews do contribute their full share to make New York rich. It is quite wonderful, considering how busy they are, and how industrious and in certain ways how able, and how much detached from the rest of the population—it is quite wonderful that they inspire so little fear, so little anxiety.

Financially the Jews have arrived. Socially they have not arrived so much yet. The sign of social arrival is not

to care what people say about you. When Dean Inge remarked about the Jews as he did, Louis Marshall, Sam Untermyer and various others expressed deep indignation. If they had arrived in all respects as definitely as they have in some respects, they would only have grinned, as Bishop Potter might perhaps have done if he had still been with us.

The real merit of Dr. Inge's observations here was not that they were very wise or novel, but that he spoke his mind. The author of "Outspoken Essays" does not seem to feel the need of hiding his opinions. When he talks about the Catholics, as he did the other day in the *Spectator*, he spits out the Catholic gag and speaks as candidly as John Jay Chapman. When such countless influences are at work as now to suppress free discussion, a three weeks' course of Inge was good for us, albeit it must have left Dr. Manning with a thankful heart that the Dean of St. Paul's was not the Dean of St. John's.



THE Jews and Palestine are notable just now in international politics. Palestine is one of the places that forecasters watch. They want to know what is really going to happen there. The East and West meet there. The British are in power and in charge of government. The Jews are spending money there, colonizing and developing remarkably the agriculture of the country, which has languished ever since the time the Romans knocked it out. To Bible students acquainted with the various prophecies these proceedings are highly interesting. To international politicians also they are interesting because this large infusion of Jews into Palestine and this British protection of them is very unacceptable to the Arabs and the Mohammedans generally, who have been established as proprietors of Palestine for about 1,500 years. There are a good many Arabs and a very formidable number of Mohammedans, and though they have not got an efficient industrial system, nor mass production, nor good artillery plants, nor imposing fleets of airplanes, still, get enough of them on the move and they are capable of making a disturbance in the world,

especially if they are linked up with folks of western Europe—Russia, Germany—who might bring modern improvements into their fighting, as could also Japan if she should see her way to tie up with them. If there is to be another considerable mix-up of the nations involving, of course, the Turks, Palestine seems as good a starting-place as any for it.

In England and to a limited extent in these States there is the group of British-Israel enthusiasts who are persuaded on grounds that seem to them sufficient that the British and consequently a large fraction of the Americans are descendants of the Lost Tribes and so as surely children of Israel as the Jews are. They see in the British control of Palestine as much a return of that country to the Chosen People as appears in the Zionist operations there. All these suggestions appeal to the

imagination of persons who have the kind of imaginations that such things appeal to. Dean Inge has not. He does not think much of the Zionist movement. He would almost certainly think that the notions that the Anglo-Saxons are descendants of the Lost Tribes and that the Prophet Jeremiah planted a colony in Ireland were old wives' tales, not worthy of the notice of the informed. So he feels about spiritism and the line of **healing** that goes with it, of which there are so many examples in the Scripture both Jewish and Christian and in the newspapers in our daily life.

Oh, well, never mind! If destiny is mixed up in a remarkable way with Palestine and the Jews and the Anglo-Saxons and the Hebrew prophets it will have to find its own way out and will, in spite of all unbelievers. One thing one observes in the remarks of most of

the responsible commentators on the immediate future of this world is that no one can tell much about it. There are too many incalculable factors, the greatest of them perhaps being Russia.

THE papers report, and give good European authority for what they say, that Europe is becoming Americanized so fast that any one who wants to see it as Europe should start at once. That is quite remarkable and quite impressive. If those people in that continent are really taking a fancy to be like us and behave as we do, and drink our drinks and divert themselves with our recreations, where shall we go to get our necessary rest and change? One does not altogether like it, but this is a crazy world and really these States made a definite impression on it when they got into the war.

E. S. Martin.



"DESPAIR NO LONGER, UNCLE; I'VE STOPPED THE LEAK!"



The Same Old



...me Old Argument



Once Through and Repeat the Chorus

FROM now on it looks as if there would be a lot of music and dancing incidental to the opening of what are fondly expected to be "summer shows." The summer shows, however, will have to go considerably to beat the music and dancing in the winter shows of the season just closing.

The authors and composers of "Lady, Be Good!" have got together on another piece, "Tell Me More," which they offer as a sister attraction. It is not so good as its sister, but it will do very well. Mr. Gershwin has not outdone himself in the score, but Mr. Gershwin's second-best is so much better than most others' best that there should be no complaint. We certainly have none to offer.



IT is interesting to note (oh, perhaps it isn't interesting at all, but we'll note it anyway) how the not-so-old folk songs of America are cropping up in our modern scores. With no attempt to deceive, and with a frank admission of the obligation, Mr. Gershwin has used two of our childhood street songs as the basis for two of his numbers. "Three Times a Day" will recall that charming ballad: "I know a boarding house, far, far away, where they have pork and beans three times a day," while "My Fair Lady" is, of course, "London Bridge is falling down" (an embarrassingly dull pastime, as we remember its compulsory performance at parties). And they both, with their pretty new furbelows, make charming melodies.



MR. LOU HOLTZ appears in "Tell Me More" for the first time (in a long time, at any rate) in white-face, and, as was the case with Eddie Cantor, the removal of the burnt cork has effected a startling improvement. Mr. Holtz is now a comedian in his own right, with a repertoire of facial and vocal changes which ought to make him in considerable demand as a comic. He still does his "Oh, So-La'Mi" song, however, and it is rather heart-warming to hear the laughter of the thousands of dear souls who have evidently never heard the one about the crazy man who said he was a poached egg. Next to "Sky High," Mr. Holtz's song holds the season's record for veteran wheezes; but you certainly can't blame Mr. Holtz, for he gets his laughs, and good, hearty ones, too.

The chief regret about "Tell Me More" is the waste of

two excellent comedians, Esther Howard and Andrew Tombes, who have nothing funny to say.



IN "Mercenary Mary" the obligation of the score to various other sources is more marked and less frank than in "Tell Me More." It does not go back as far as our childhood days, but picks and chooses from among the pleasing melodies of the present day. "Helen of Troy" and "Irene" are represented (and, as we remember "Irene," it, too, had now and then a familiar bar), and there is an English song brought into American vaudeville a few months ago by Lilly Morris which you would swear was in the same room with you. Handsome acknowledgment is given, however, to Chopin's 12th Nocturne for a song called "To-morrow"; so that's something.

"Mercenary Mary" has Allen Kearns for the nice young man, and that is a distinct asset to any show. We hate to keep bringing the matter up, but Mr. Kearns is one of the few musical comedy juveniles who look as if they would be allowed by the police to wear their clothes out on the street after the performance. Incidentally, he dances well. There is good dancing all the way through "Mercenary Mary," with an expert chorus participating, and Louis Simon works very hard with the comedy, most of the time successfully. Sometimes it seems hardly worth it, however.



WHOLLY aside from the delight of the music at the Shubert productions of "The Mikado" and "Princess Ida," there is a certain wholesome glow that one gets from sitting next to the people that one always finds at a Gilbert and Sullivan revival. This sounds a little snobbish, and it was intended to. The audiences at Gilbert and Sullivan seem to be made up of very nice people who have just come from quiet family dinners at home—fathers with their young daughters, young men with their mothers, not habitual theatregoers, but excellent theatre-audiences. The women have pleasant laughs, and the men are the sort that wear the same kind of collar year in and year out with their dinner-clothes, regardless of what the prevailing style in evening collars may be. They usually have a faint odor of shaving-soap about them. It is all very refreshing, and you don't realize how rare a note it is in a New York theatre audience until some one revives Gilbert and Sullivan.

Robert Benchley.



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Alma of the South Seas. *Lyric*—The heated term among the natives.

Desire Under the Elms. *Earl Carroll*—Evidences of sex life in New England.

The Dove. *Empire*—Holbrook Blinn and Judith Anderson in Mexican love machinations.

Ladies of the Evening. *Lyceum*—The streetwalker who walked into salvation by mistake.

Night Hawk. *Bijou*—The gland treatment as a boon to a certain type of business woman.

Old English. *Ritz*—George Arliss as a delightfully bad old gentleman.

The Rat. *Astor*—Conventional bad man in Paris cellar.

They Knew What They Wanted. *Klaw*—Pauline Lord, Richard Bennett and Glenn Anders in a prize-winning play of California fecundity.

What Price Glory? *Plymouth*—Something for those who want another war, and for those who don't.

White Cargo. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—That old devil sun at work.

The Wild Duck. *Forty-Eighth St.*—A splendid production of a grand play.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Now let's just make this fourth year the biggest and best of all.

Caesar and Cleopatra. *Guild*—Superior comedy, with Lionel Atwill and Helen Hayes.

The Fall Guy. *Eltinge*—Ernest Truex in lower-middle-class back-talk which has its pathos as well.

The Firebrand. *Morosco*—How Benvenuto Cellini spent his time when he wasn't working, and very pleasant, too.

The Fourflusher. *Apollo*—You can guess what it's about anyway.

The Gorilla. *Selwyn*—Extra-special horror play.

The Guardsman. *Garrick*—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt putting distinction into a comedy which is pretty good on its own.

The Harem. *Belasco*—Don't give it another thought.

Is Zat So? *Chanin's*—An extraordinarily funny play, which occasionally breaks your heart.

Love for Love. *Greenwich Village*—Old-time roistering.

Pigs. *Little*—Clean but amusing.

The Poor Nut. *Henry Miller's*—Hilarious college-play, with a relay race and everything.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—The model for them all.

White Collars. *Sam H. Harris*—A pretty competent handling of a good idea.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Casino*—One of those.

Lady, Be Good! *Liberty*—Now there's a show! With the Astaires and Walter Catlett.

Louie the 14th. *Cosmopolitan*—Leon Errol in a beautiful thing to see.

The Love Song. *Century*—Music that is music.

Mercenary Mary. *Longacre*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Mikado. *Forty-Fourth St.*—A revival worth hearing.

My Girl. *Vanderbilt*—Pleasant.

Princess Ida. *Shubert*—A Gilbert and Sullivan opera which will be better known from now on.

Rose-Marie. *Imperial*—Easily paid expenses this season.

Sky High. *Winter Garden*—Some good dancing, and comedy by Willie Howard.

The Student Prince. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Singing you should hear.

Tell Me More. *Gaiety*—Reviewed in this issue.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—What with W. C. Fields, Ray Dooley and Will Rogers, you will get more laughs than you have had at the Follies in years.

Follow the Swallow

ON Board S. S. *Romantic*: Saw three whales off starboard bow this A. M. Don't forget to feed the goldfish.

MARY.

* * *

Only card I could find was this card of the Jewish cemetery. Wish you were here.

MRS. T. WINTERS.

* * *

DEAR ELLA: Hope you are well. We are seeing London, Paris, Naples, Madrid, etc. Please don't boil Mr. M.'s blue pajamas.

MRS. W. H. MOON.

* * *

DEAR BOB: Hope every little thing is just fine and dandy. Little old "Paree" is "some" place—know what I mean? I miss the bunch terribly.

LOUIS.

* * *

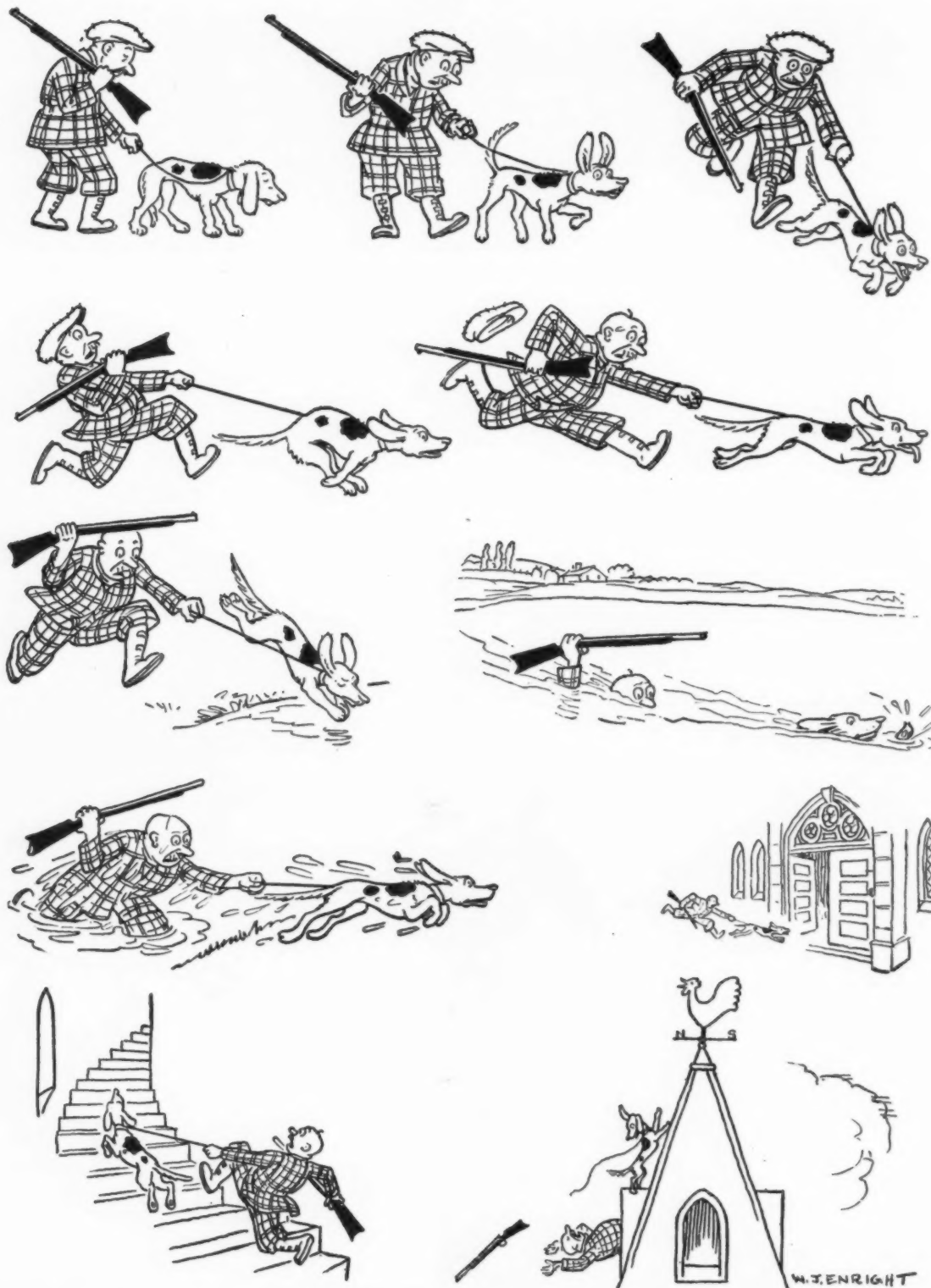
Hello, George, you big bum! Manchester (Eng.) is a fine city; something like East St. Louis. Met a man who got N. Y. on his radio. Best to the boys in the shipping dept.

ED.

H. W. H.



JUDITH ANDERSON AND HOLBROOK BLINN IN "THE DOVE"



THE FAITHFUL BIRD-DOG AND HIS QUARRY

From an Old Subscriber

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

Sir:

The pictures which you are now publishing intended to satirize the supposed dullness of the early nineties are very amusing and as art, excellent, but, alas, how far from the truth! Won't you get your artist to draw a few more under such titles as—Opening the Bottled Beer at a Picnic in the Dull Nineties—Dining in the Dull Nineties (Instructing the Waiter on the Brand of Champagne)—Traveling in the Dull Nineties (Consulting the Pullman Porter as to Whether It Takes Him Four Minutes or Five Minutes to Get a Scotch and Soda at Midnight)—and, lastly—Home Life in the Dull Nineties (Two Old Friends Drinking a Night Cap of Hot Toddy).

And let me assure you, as one who lived and loafed in the Dull Nineties, that the girls were prettier, the grass was greener, and the sky was bluer than it ever has been since. But now—poison, wood-alcohol, bootleggers, spies, legislation, suppression—help! Let us all get to a nunnery and nun it out the rest of our lives.

Yours, supported, I know, by thousands of elderly witnesses,

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

Montreal, Canada, May 3, 1925.

Paterfamilias

BEFORE the others he is out of bed,
And scans his paper at the breakfast-table:
Nervous, impatient, he is hardly able
To meet his office-letters without dread.
A hundred details battle through his head:
A conference, the telephone, the cable;
The buzzing of the Market's tower of Babel—
The earning of his family's daily bread.

They call him dull and say "he eats too fast"—
"He has no time." His children and his wife
Regard his "habits" with a look aghast.
They never know the fineness of his plan,
The campaign over only with his life:
Unselfish to the end—a Business Man.

Ruth Wright Kauffman.

Lost Incentive

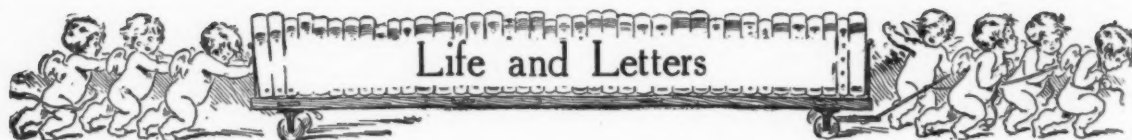
IMOGENE: I thought that Gladys was going to divorce her husband.

FRANCES: Oh, she was, but her fiancé broke off their engagement!



THE GAY NINETIES

THE FIFTY LITTLE LIVERY STABLE "RIG," WITH THE RED WHEELS AND RUBBER TIRES, WHICH WAS DATED UP FOR WEEKS IN ADVANCE. ALSO THE USUAL LIVERY STABLE HORSE WHO WANTED TO TURN UP EVERY SIDE STREET, AND *always* MANAGED TO GET HIS TAIL OVER A REIN JUST AS YOU WERE PASSING SOMEBODY YOU KNEW.



BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR begins "Unveiled" (Seltzer) with a master stroke for arresting attention. A seventeen-year-old girl confides to the narrator that it's about time she and her brother were told. "About what?" responds *Adela Stokes*. "About Father and that woman." Breathes there the reader with curiosity so dead who wouldn't go on eagerly from there? That stroke enables Miss Seymour to proceed leisurely and put in considerable about Grandmother and those men before reaching the real scandal which was her story's *raison d'être*. That scandal had received a thorough airing in the newspapers at the time of its occurrence, and as some kind friend was likely to show the children the clippings at any moment, it was much better for them to get it straight from some one who had been on the scene and could add the psychological pad-

ding which was necessary for a sympathetic understanding.

For some reason or other I conceived an intense dislike for the *Adela Stokes* who tells the story, but I am forced to admit that she does her work well. The theme is an old one: Is physical love sufficient as a basis for marriage, and is the distinction between a physical and spiritual tie always self-evident? What happened to *Enid and Kennedy Armfield* throws some light on the question, but I don't suppose that anything will ever settle it.

I cannot leave off without repeating to you a marvelous confession embedded in the text, i.e.: that men and women aren't half so interested in sex as we gather from the novelists, who write about that part of life as if it were the whole. Sometimes people like to play tennis or see a horse race.

"LOVE," by Elizabeth (Doubleday, Page), is unworthy of a writer who could turn out "The Enchanted April," but it has its moments. The main fault is a severe tax on the reader's credulity. For a young man of twenty-five to fall so desperately in love with a woman of forty-seven is pretty thick for some of us. But of course if he hadn't there wouldn't have been any story, so there you are. And the moral is that when such a thing happens, the female of forty-seven shouldn't fall in love back, if she doesn't want to put in the rest of her days having her face massaged and being mistaken for her husband's aunt or mother.

"Love" could easily do with more of Elizabeth's characteristic humor than she has put into it, especially as there is a touch every now and then which
(Continued on page 31)



Mrs. Methuselah: JUST RECEIVED THIS NOTE FROM MOTHER SAYING SHE WILL ARRIVE TO-MORROW FOR A SHORT VISIT; BUT DON'T WORRY, DEAR—IT WILL ONLY BE A COUPLE OF YEARS.

Aren't Moths Human?

("Female moths have the strange power of being able to 'call' their mates from miles around. Scientists have never yet obtained a satisfactory explanation of this mystery."—*English Paper*.)

SCENE: Considerable distance, punctuated at either end by a moth.

MINNIE MOTH (calling): Oh, George...

GEORGE MOTH: Wha-a-at?

MINNIE MOTH: Come here, willya?

GEORGE MOTH: What for?

MINNIE MOTH: What's in this box?

GEORGE MOTH: What box?

MINNIE MOTH: This box.

GEORGE MOTH: Gosh, I don't know. What box?

MINNIE MOTH: Well, come here and look.

GEORGE MOTH: I can't. I'm busy.

MINNIE MOTH: Oh, come here a minute.

GEORGE MOTH: I can't. I tell you I'm busy. I'm flying around this ole light.

MINNIE MOTH: Oh, for goodness' sake—you're always flying around that ole light.

GEORGE MOTH: Well, I have to have some diversion, don't I? Work hard all week eating holes in suits. This is scientific. I wish you'd take more interest in my science.

MINNIE MOTH: Oh, pooh, you and your ole science. Up half the night with it. Can't you come here a minute?



Kindly Caller: I SUPPOSE IT WAS FINANCIAL AND DOMESTIC TROUBLES THAT STARTED YOU DRINKING?

Old Soak: NO—IT WAS THIS WAY—DOWN TO THE CHURCH AT A LECTURE I SAW A MICROSCOPE PICTURE OF A DROP O' WATER.

GEORGE MOTH: No, I can't. I'm busy.

MINNIE MOTH: Well, I just want to know what's in this box.

GEORGE MOTH: You leave that ole box alone. And you leave me alone, I'm busy.

MINNIE MOTH: Oh, very well, then. (Enacts several moments of complete and unbroken silence.)

GEORGE MOTH (suddenly): Ouch! Ow!

MINNIE MOTH: George... what is it?

GEORGE MOTH: Ow—I burned myself on that ole light!

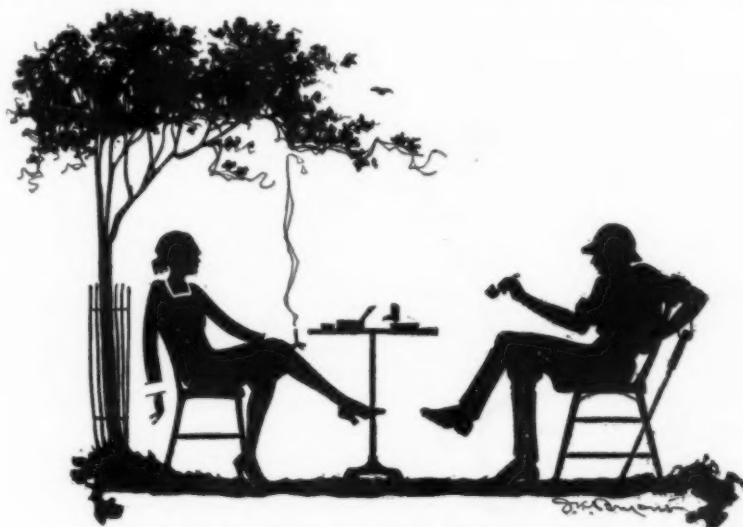
MINNIE MOTH: I knew you would. You come here right this minute and let me put some butter on it.

GEORGE MOTH (who, after all, is only a little boy moth grown up): Ow—all right. I'm coming. Darned ole light! (As he flutters his singed way to the female moth, two pith-helmeted scientists appear.)

THE FIRST SCIENTIST: There, you see, Doctor? It invariably happens, yet I have never been able to find a satisfactory explanation of it.

CURTAIN.

Henry William Hanemann.



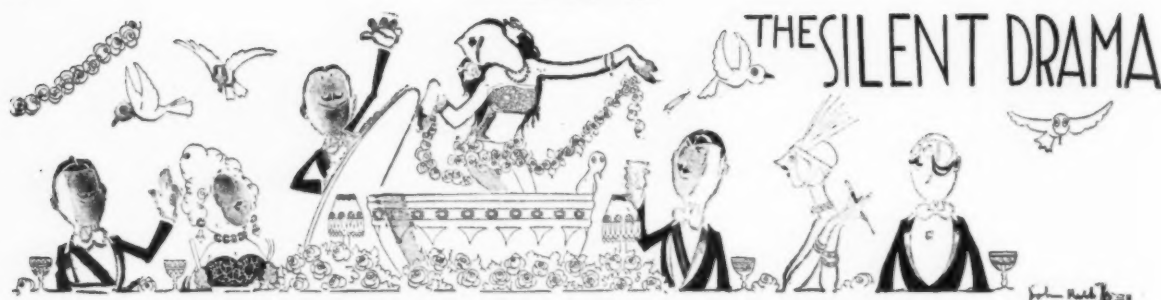
He: IF I DO SAY IT, YOU ARE THE ONLY GIRL I EVER LOVED.

She: IF I DO SAY IT, YOU ARE THE ONLY FELLOW WHO EVER MADE ME BELIEVE THAT LIE.

Fairy Story

"YOUR skin is quite perfect," said the beauty specialist, "and you'll only ruin it if you begin using our famous Clear Complexion Cream."

A NEW YORK American editorial declares that a man must be tireless to succeed in business and one wonders what the tired business man has to say about that.



"Soul Fire"

THERE is a fine idea behind "Soul Fire" and, for the most part, this idea has been developed to good effect.

"Soul Fire" is the story of a symphony, and of the spiritual agony expended in its creation. As the picture starts, two critics are sitting in a box discussing the young composer whose first work is about to achieve performance; the conductor raises his baton, the musicians poise for the dive into harmony...then the scene fades back to the composer's first struggle against parental oppression and the indifference of the world in general. We see him descend through various strata of degradation—in Paris, in a honky-tonk joint in Port Said, until he is finally cast up with other refuse on a South Sea beach. We see him befriended by three strange women—a Russian princess, a jaded relic of Frisco's Barbary Coast, and a little English waif.

From all these scenes and all these women he derives inspiration until, in a crash of barbaric discords, his symphony ends.

RICHARD BARTHELMLESS plays this part with intense feeling and considerable art. After his recent disastrous attempt to rival Buster Keaton as a comedian, he returns in "Soul Fire" to his rightful position as the finest young actor in the movies. At the start of the picture he is a trifle stiff, and he fails at first to establish his characterization; but he finds himself in the Port Said dive, and from then on his performance is stirring and powerful.

He receives extremely valuable support from Carlotta Monterey—a beautiful and intelligent actress; from Helen Ware, and from Bessie Love.

John S. Robertson's direction is characteristically good. He has caught the rhythm of this strange story and has realized the dramatic effectiveness

of the crescendo. The symphony gathers in volume and in tonal quality as it proceeds.

UNFORTUNATELY, "Soul Fire" turns sour at the finish. The hero finds happiness at last in the South Seas, but then his bride has to go and catch leprosy and everything is spoiled; a doctor is summoned, and cheerfully announces that it isn't leprosy after all—"just a slight cold sore, but it'll never get well if you pick it."

On that supremely artificial note the picture ends. Which is too bad—as "Soul Fire," up to that point, has all the elements of greatness.

"Zander the Great"

NO particular enthusiasm is called forth by "Zander the Great," nor is any indignation aroused. This is just a pretty good picture.



MARION DAVIES IN
"ZANDER THE GREAT"

The production is a skilful one, and it seems to me that the director, George W. Hill, has shown real imagination in his treatment of individual scenes, but the story as a whole is loosely constructed and inconclusive.

There are good performances by Harrison Ford, Harry Watson and Holbrook Blinn. Marion Davies, however, falls far short of the character that was established, in the original play, by Alice Brady.

"Zander the Great" represents the final appearance of William Randolph Hearst as a producer of motion pictures—and, try as I may, I can shed no tears at the thought of his retirement. He has spent a vast amount of money in the movies, but he has contributed little to their advancement. He is entitled to go home in peace and spend the remainder of his days among his books, magazines and newspapers, of which he possesses a most interesting collection.

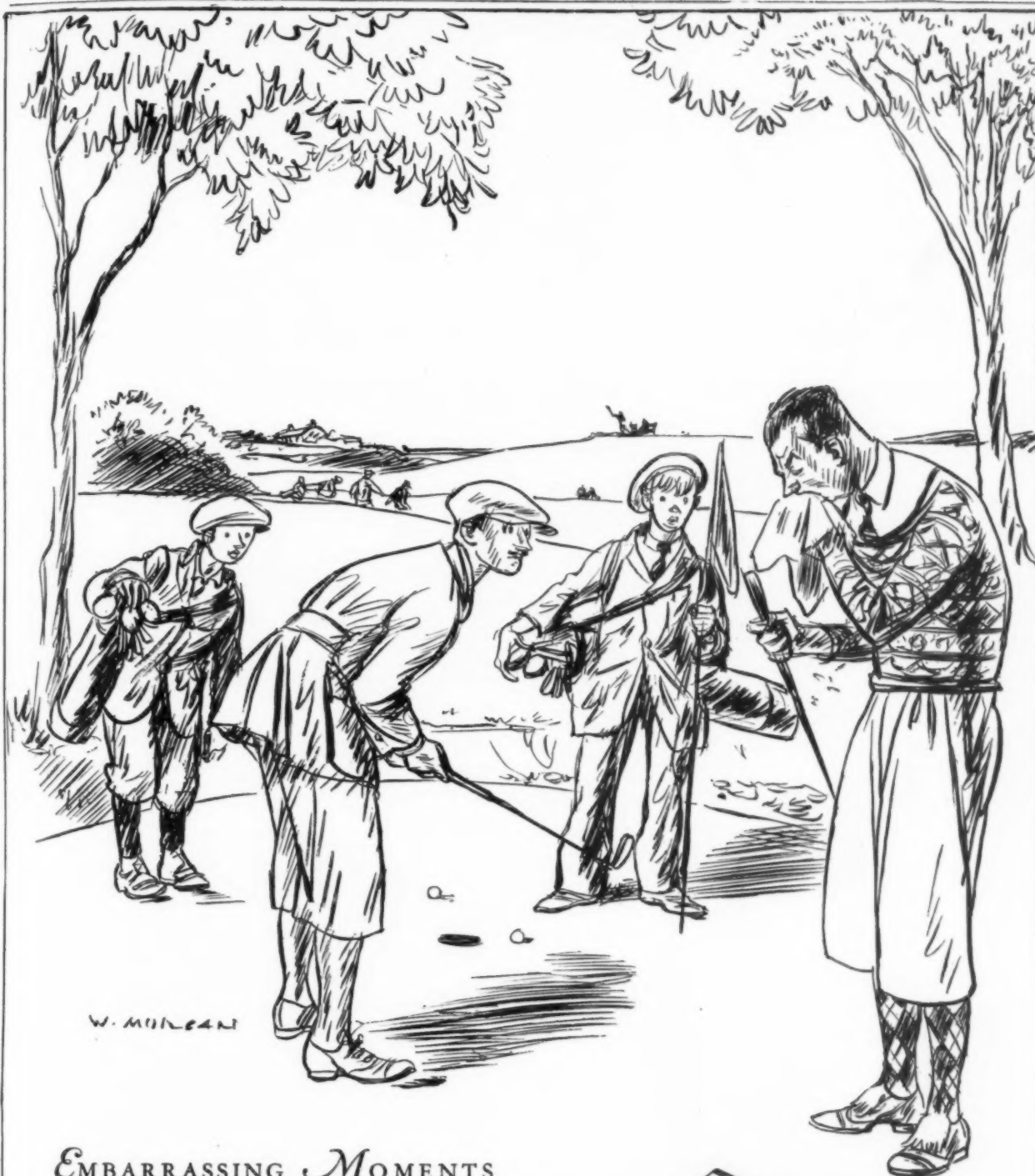
"The Night Club"

WITH nothing much in the way of plot to support him, Raymond Griffith manages to convert "The Night Club" into a thoroughly laughable comedy. He relies on his own pantomime, his own mastery of gag construction, to carry him along—and he gets away with it beautifully.

"The Night Club" shows signs of excessive padding, and at times its fake effects are obviously just that; but there is nothing phony about Raymond Griffith's humor. Incidentally, this picture bears what may be voted the world's most inappropriate title; I saw the film from beginning to end and at no point did I discover anything that even remotely resembled a night club.

R. E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 29.)



W. MILCAN

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you sneeze and your partner misses
an easy putt . . . be nonchalant . . . light a
DEITIES CIGARETTE





AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Please Hurry!

Oh, Salesman, I hate to disturb
Your calm that is greatly admired,
But my flivver's out there on the curb
And the parking time's nearly expired.
—*Washington Star.*

Criticism

Two men in London were discussing a certain novelist. "She's a wonderful writer," said one. "Yes," replied the other; "the mystery to me is where she gets her marvelous lack of knowledge of life."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Don't throw banana peelings on the edge of the Grand Canyon," said a ranger to a careless tourist. "You want somebody to slip and fall three miles?"
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Nothing is as old as last year's song hit nor as perennially new as one about twenty-five years old.—*Detroit News.*



A SOCIAL GRIEVANCE

"THERE Y'ARE, THAT'S WOT MAKES
SO MUCH UNREST — ONE BLOKE
WEARING ENOUGH TROUSERS FER
TWO 'UMAN BEINGS!"

—*Windsor Magazine (London).*

This Ain't the Waldorf

A friend of mine tells a story about a hotel of an honesty so *épatant* that the tale deserves being recorded in print, even though a few of the more traveled of my readers may have heard it. Dirty and at outs with the world after three hours in a cindery day coach, the voyager reached this squalid inn about dusk. Bidden by the slatternly proprietor to find a room at the head of the stairs, my friend entered a chamber with peeling plaster and rugless floor, furnished only with a washstand bearing a cracked bowl and a bed draped by a single filthy blanket. Indignantly he started downstairs to remonstrate. Then his eye fell on this notice scrawled on a bit of paper tacked to his door:

THIS AIN'T THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, IF IT
WAS IT WOULDN'T BE HERE.
YOU AIN'T J. P. MORGAN, IF YOU WAS YOU
WOULDN'T BE HERE.
WE KNOW THIS HOTEL IS ON THE BUM—
WELL, HOW ABOUT YOURSELF?

—*Gregory Mason, in American Mercury.*

The March of Science

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER: What did you think of the lecture on the atom last night, Ben?

BEN: Never heerd sech a parcel o' lies in my born days.—*Punch.*

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— Tea —

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COLORFUL, FRAGRANT, LUSCIOUS . . . PURE JUICE OF THE CONCORD GRAPE

“More than Passing Pleasure”— find our Great Dietitians, in the Taste, Color, Fragrance we delight in

SATISFACTION from your meals, you know so well, depends on more than food.

Flowers, sparkling glass, gleaming china and silver—the best-cooked meal seems incomplete without them.

And today our greatest dietitians say:

Much more than passing pleasure is the service that they give us—this color and fragrance, and the rare flavor we delight in.

They are vitally important in every meal we eat. For they awaken appetite, say our greatest food authorities. And appetite controls the whole system in the body that digests our food. Unless we eat with appetite we fail to take full benefit from our best-planned meals.

And so, apart from its value as fruit, dietitians find in this juice of fresh, ripe grapes significance for health. For Welch's has incomparably, they find, the color and fragrance, the exquisite flavor to which appetite responds.

PURE juice of the finest Concord grapes in all the world—only in Welch's can you enjoy that perfect flavor.

Such choice grapes ripen in just two little spots in the whole United States, near the Great Lakes, where sun and soil are perfect for the Concord.

When the great purple clusters are ripest Welch cuts the luscious fruit and presses out the juice—a few hours after the grapes leave the vines.

¶ They stress the lasting value in our diet of fruit in this delicious form

All the delicacy, all the health-giving quality of the fresh fruit is in each glass of fragrant juice.

Mineral salts that regulate the body, that build up the bones and teeth, vitamins, nourishing fruit sugar, and laxative properties that modern diets need. Natural fruit elements, too, that turn to alkalies and help the body to overcome the acidity so common today.

BUT aside from these values of Welch's as fruit, it is the importance for health of its flavor that experts stress today, its color and fragrance that awaken instant response from appetite.



“All the health-giving qualities of fresh ripe fruit,” food experts say, “are in each glass of luscious juice.”

AT BREAKFAST—Half-fill a small glass with cracked ice; then fill with Welch's—fresh-pressed juice of the Concord grape, fragrant, luscious.

FOR LUNCHEON—Make 3 cups of tea and allow to cool. Add 1 pint of Welch's, juice of 2 lemons and 4 tablespoons sugar. Serve in tall glasses very cold.

FOR DINNER—or for after-theater supper—Take from the ice-chest 1 pint of Welch's and two 12-ounce bottles of dry ginger ale. Partly fill glasses with Welch's—then fill with ginger ale.

Get Welch's Grape Juice today from your grocer, druggist or confectioner, in quarts, pints, or four ounces. Ask for it at your club or hotel or in the Pullman, or try it at the fountain—served straight or in delicious combinations.

Let us send you, free, our booklet *The Vital Place of Appetite in Diet*. It tells new delicious ways to serve this juice of fresh, ripe grapes. The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO., Dept. L-4,
Westfield, N. Y.

Please send me—free—your booklet
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**you make a blend
more delicious
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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Morals of the Jungle

I NEVER KNOW, I never shall,
Why people are called bestial,
Whose code of conduct seems to be
Sublime in its urbanity.

The lion roars when he is full.
His nails are most unbecomful.
The tiger roaming round the East,
Forgets his manners at a feast.

In nakedness beside his cows,
The bison is content to browse.
The goat, the puma, and the pig,
Do nothing grand and nothing big.

The antelope can have no heart
In taking odds nor looking smart.
The zebra scours the distant plain,
But never drinks the best champagne.

Too little rest, too little ease,
No unguents, and no dope to please;
They do not bathe, they do not care,
What portions of the hide go bare.

Impelled by their laborious fates,
To savage fight for food and mates,
The thought of virtue and of gold
Leaves all these creatures simply cold.

The sport of every circumstance,
They have no wealth and no romance;
Beneath disdain, beneath regret,
Devoid of social etiquette.

How dainty and how far more nice
Are those who feel the sacrifice
Of love and honor, yet can make
That sacrifice for comfort's sake!

—E. V. Knox, in *The Spectator*.

Abbott's Bitters, a stomachic, meets every requirement of a tonic. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

If You're Waking—

There was an actress constantly out with road troupes who always became irate when asked a question the answer to which she considered obvious. Thus on the last night of April she left an early call at the hotel with the girl at the telephone desk.

"To catch a train?" asked the girl pleasantly.

"For what other reason does one leave an early call?"

"Sometimes one is to be Queen of the May," suggested the girl, still pleasantly.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

By Nature

"Do you really approve of the nude in art?"

"Yes, I was born that way."

—*California Pelican*.

THE strike of the Co-operative workers in Lancashire was settled the other day and hundreds of men were thrown into work.—*Punch*.



This tree is one of a dozen fine oaks on the estate of James Bliss Coombs, Sound Beach, Conn.

25 years ago this would have been a miracle

In 1920 this tree was badly decayed and in serious danger. Davey Tree Surgeons treated it skilfully and filled the cavity with cement by the Davey sectional method. Today the tree is almost healed over by new bark and the tree is in perfect condition. Every tree treated on the Coombs place is equally perfect.

Twenty-five years ago it would have been a miracle to achieve such results even in one case. Today Davey Tree Surgeons do it regularly with tens of thousands of trees every year.

Davey Tree Surgeons are local to you—anywhere between Boston and Kansas City, between Canada and the Gulf. Write or wire Kent, Ohio.

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Attach this coupon
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and mail today



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Kent, Ohio

JOHN DAVEY
Father of
Tree Surgery

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part, please have your local representative examine my trees and advise me as to their condition and need.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 12)

May
22nd

This day wakened with an agony of congestion in my lungs, and when I did start to speak I could do nought but whisper, and Sam through unconscious imitation began whispering also, and said he felt as if I were trying to carry on some sort of scurrilous conversation. Dr. Cuff pronouncing my malady bronchitis, I did keep to my bed, Marge Boothby having promised to come and divert me, but she arrived so exhausted from a two-hour French lesson and her mind so distraught from such concentrated wrestling with irregular verbs that she called for a large beaker of whisky in order to pull herself together, and it was not until after luncheon that she was able to compose a simple declarative sentence in the English language. Then she did tell me that Romain Rivas had actually sent her the Spanish olives he had voluntarily promised her in a moment of exuberance, and our mutual astonishment set us pondering the depths to which social sincerity has sunk, when a man's doing what he has said he will do can be considered news.

May
23rd

My throat no better, so abed all day, reading first the public prints, and marveling how the daily graphics manage to group a grief-stricken family around a table or stove and turn a camera on them five minutes after their catastrophe's occurrence. Sam home all day, and once he did call out whilst reading "The Great Gatsby" to ask if Scott Fitzgerald knew me personally, and when I answered no, he added, He has a man say here that a certain girl's voice sounds like money. But he proved docile enough to eat his dinner off a tray in my room, and somehow we fell a-talking of the ancient Greeks and the high moral purpose of their tragedies, almost any one of which would put District Attorney Banton's consistency severely to the test. We did recall, too, how Helen Joslyn had taken out a health insurance policy after hearing "Bohème" for the first time.

Baird Leonard.

Miss Economy

BECAUSE he believes in the Coolidge economy program, the Mayor of Bradley Beach, N. J., has abolished the annual bathing beauty parade at that resort. Another blow like this, and the Sunday rotogravure sections won't have a leg left to go to press on.

WIFE (reading magazine): I don't see the point of that joke.

HUSBAND: My dear, you aren't young enough.

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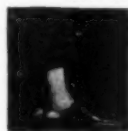


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Munsingwear is now obtainable in hosiery as well as in union suits. The hosiery line comprises an exceptionally large assortment of numbers in the wanted colors and materials and is already recognized by the trade as one of the great hosiery lines of the country.



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Munsingwear Quality Assures Comfort and Service
THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION

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Recent Developments

(The following current pictures, previously reviewed in LIFE, are recommended. The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24.)

Grass. Across country with an Asiatic tribe—and extraordinarily interesting, too.

Quo Vadis. Emil Jannings adds Nero to his long list of great rôles.

Smouldering Fires. Intelligent drama of romance in a factory, with Pauline Frederick at the top of her form.

The Denial. A moving picture of American life during the war (Spanish).

Seven Chances. Buster Keaton in an occasionally comical but none too consistent farce.

A Kiss in the Dark. Adolphe Menjou in Havana.


The Last Laugh. You can quote the box-office figures at me all night, but I'll stick to my story: this is a genuinely great picture.

Introduce Me. Douglas MacLean and a few Alps.

The Thief of Bagdad. I've been recommending this for over a year now, which ought to be enough.

R. E. S.

(For review next week: "The Shock Punch," "The Sporting Venus" and "Up the Ladder.")



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Boston Garter
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Quality First

The Boston is the only adjustable garter made without metal on face of pad—hence the **Pad without a Pucker**. For real service insist on having Bostons.

George Frost Company, Boston, Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for Women, Misses and Children

No Escape

I've never been to Timbuctoo,
I never want to go there,
Because I'm rather certain that
There'll be a movie-show there!
S. R.



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See for yourself. Get a genuine Durham-Duplex Demonstrator razor with one blade for only 25¢. A real razor—not a toy. If your dealer cannot supply, send coupon indicating style razor preferred.

25¢

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DURHAM DUPLEX
The Blades Men Swear By—not At

The Rover and Over Boys

(Continued from page 11)

rocked with applause and a double quartette rendered "Old Black Joe" with much feeling, and they were forced to raise and lower the curtain again and again for seven or eight encores.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

THE ceremony over, the cannibal chef tied Tom to a stake and commenced stirring a large cauldron which was bubbling merrily over the fire.

"Him plenty good to eat!" grunted the chef as he prodded Tom gently.

"You said a mouthful, cook," replied the fun-loving Rover merrily.

After all was in readiness, the cannibal chef advanced and handed the King a large menu. "Would your majesty care for some roasted Tom Rover with French Fried Potatoes?" he suggested. "Very good, to-day."

"No," said the King, "I guess I'll just have some Tom à la minute."

"Bow wow!" The sharp bark of Dick's pistol rang out suddenly, and the Cannibal King bit the dust and chewed it reflectively. Then Sam's pistol spoke, and then Dick's, and as the firearms engaged the natives in rapid conversation Tom stepped menacingly toward the King.

"Look! Dan Baxter has kidnapped the three girls," interrupted Dick, pointing to the bully who was rowing a small boat rapidly across the ocean.

"Let me up and I help you catch him," offered the King seriously.

"Have you got a boat?" asked Dick.

"Me no need boat," replied the King. "This is a floating island." And while the Rover Boys stared in astonishment, the natives each seized a paddle and rushed to several convenient promontories along the shore.

"Oomp," commanded Zuloaga, as the natives dipped their paddles into the water and the island started in hot pursuit.

"If we can only reach him before the last chapter," moaned Dick.

"What is that ahead?" cried Sam, pointing to the next page.

CHAPTER NINETY-TWO

"THE last chapter!" groaned Tom, as the bully sped past the title one paragraph ahead of them.

"Too late!" sneered Dan Baxter, holding up a small iron box. "I've found the treasure!"

"Wait!" cried Dick Rover, as they drew alongside. "If this is the last chapter you have got to reform."

"Foiled," fumed Dan Baxter. "What a lousy break," he added to himself, as he handed the Rover Boys the treasure and turned over a new leaf.

Dick fitted the rusty key in the lock



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and raised the cover. "What is in the box?" burst Tom eagerly.

"It contains the next volume of the Rover Boys' Series," replied Dick seriously. "In this volume we shall join our old friends again at Putnam Hall, and in addition we shall learn of Dan Baxter's foul plot, to be entitled: 'The Rover Boys Underground; or, How Tom Raced a Grade-Crossing.'"

And here let us say Good-by.

GOOD-BY.

(To be continued next week.)

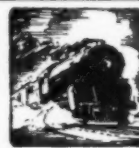


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49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.



Life and Letters

(Continued from page 22)

reminds one of what she can do when she tries. Such as the revelation that when Catherine spotted Christopher in the village church, she was murmuring, along with Mrs. Colquhoun, that it was better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in man, which at that moment she was quite willing to believe.

"Love" ends on an unsatisfactory chord, like "Madame Butterfly." It would help a lot to know whether Catherine ever got damages from the plastic surgeon for spoiling her face.

J. S. FLETCHER must have heard me. Only two weeks ago I had at him for writing a book in which not a shot was fired nor a drop of blood shed and he immediately stepped forward with "The Annexation Society" (Knopf), which is a thriller if I ever read one. I am now willing to wager that "The Mill of Many Windows" was dug out of a trunk.

In "The Annexation Society" we don't get the old-man-dead-in-his-library that I asked for as a starter, but something almost as good—the theft of a diamond cross which the Czar had given Lord Scraye's grandfather. In exactly the time it takes to tell it, we are in the midst of a gang of thieves bent on swiping all of England's expensive antiquities on which they can lay their hands at house parties, and the plot becomes so thick that you don't know who is your friend and who isn't, or who had the false whiskers last. The moral is "Let the Holy Grail alone," or words to that effect, and it is established firmly that a lady burglar should no more use perfume than a murderer should carry a handkerchief.

Baird Leonard.

Next Week

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Wait—Don't Buy

Find out first that our claims are
true. Make this 10-shave test.

DEAR SIR:

You're a fair minded man—and as such will give other men a chance to prove any sincere claims they advance.

Now the ones we make for Palmolive Shaving Cream are pretty broad. You may question them.

So we say, "Don't buy yet"—Let us send you a 10-day tube to try. And thus, grant us the opportunity of proving how true those claims are.

Men by the millions have shifted to this unique cream. Today it occupies pinnacle place in its field; its success is a trade sensation. 80% of its users were wedded to rival makes. Only outstanding merit, you'll agree, could shift so hard a market.

Find Out, Please

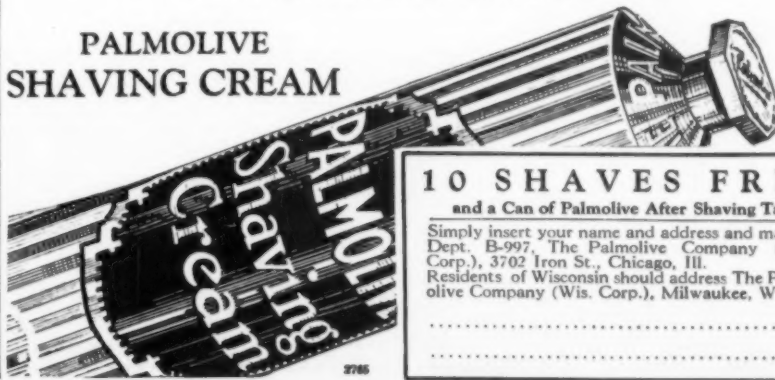
So we ask you, now, in fairness to us both, please mail the coupon. We'll rest our case on what you find. After 10 days of new shaving delight, few men go back to old ways.

5 Delights
Five remarkable
results:

- 1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to
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olive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.



From Our Readers



Capt. Darte's Answer

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

Sir:—It was with considerable amusement I read the somewhat recent comments in LIFE's "Life Lines" regarding my talks and statements calling attention to the way in which some women's organizations are being used by radicals and pacifistic "pinks" along lines that are inimical to the welfare of our country and our ideals, and indicating Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Miss Jane Addams as leading spirits....

I have not characterized people as communists just because they do not believe in war, but have stated that much of the propaganda against war and in favor of pacifism and non-resistance has been put out for the consumption of our citizens by those whose actions and opinions have been and are wholly un-American....

With regard to Mrs. Catt's activities and those of Jane Addams to whom you have particularly referred, both have been constantly identified with subversive movements since the beginning of the War. Jane Addams, assisted by Rosa Schwimmer, Communist Ambassador to Switzerland from Hungary under Bela Kun's administration, organized the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, whose aims include the gradual abolition of private property privileges (pure communism), the abolition of the army and navy, upholding the radical Youth Movement and other like ideals. Mrs. Catt and Jane Addams have been closely associated with each other for the past several years; both are vice-chairmen of the National Council for the Prevention of War headed by Frederick J. Libby, once a minister and now a

Quaker, and who sought and obtained employment with the Quakers during the war. He publicly states he would not fight for his country in either a war of offense or defense. Mrs. Catt's work in many subversive movements has been particularly along the political line, while Miss Addams has taken the pacifistic end of the game. Mrs. Catt recently stated, "America never fought a war of defense—the Revolutionary War was not a war of defense, for we started it." Is this the kind of speech one would expect from an American in the face of the facts that our country has always stood for non-aggression and has never taken part in offensive warfare?

The Military Order of the World War believes that the peace of the world can best be served by this country's being absolutely prepared to defend itself and its ideals against enemies within and without. At the present time our worst enemy is *within*, and the lack of adequate defense gives enemies within their best opportunity. Preparedness in our military establishments against aggressive war and for protection and security are quite different from preparedness for aggression and conquest. If America stood firmly for preparedness for preserving the peace by being so strongly mobilized that no one could fight us and no nation could fight without us, and at the same time hold out a helping hand as we have always done to those oppressed, there would be not only a greater confidence throughout the entire world, but, we believe, America would thereby bring about the peace of the entire world. A strong nation fully armed for protection can be a great power, but a strong nation with the ideals of America, fully armed for protection, can indeed be a great power for peace.

GEO. L. DARTE.

At Last!

Page's

hitherto unpublished private letters to President Wilson start in the June

WORLD'S WORK

FOR the first time anywhere, Ambassador Walter H. Page's sparkling, revealing, intimate letters to Woodrow Wilson are to appear in print. The public has already paid \$1,027,350 to read Page's letters previously given out for publication—establishing a record almost without precedent in all the history of book-selling. Yet the letters now available are in many ways more remarkable, more vivacious, more likely to arouse widespread discus-

sion. They range all the way from chatty, gossip letters written frankly for the President's entertainment to grim, determined, fearless missives written in the London Embassy under great strain when our National honor trembled in the balance. Many were written when Page had just come home from Court functions, Governmental conferences and evenings at the Athenaeum Club or from dinner with some one of the great men of our time.

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The Plumbers Protest

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir:—In the April 23d edition of your publication, an article appeared relative to the Plumber which we consider uncalled-for, and tending to uphold the Plumbing Industry to ridicule.

While no doubt this was not intentional, and possibly emanated from the fertile brain of some would-be humorist connected with your paper, we feel that jokes of this character are out of place in a magazine as well known as yours.

Plumbing has developed to such an extent that the Master Plumber of today must be an experienced man of the highest type, with a knowledge of Sanitary Engineering, as well as Building and Architecture.

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J. F. DONOVAN, Executive Director.

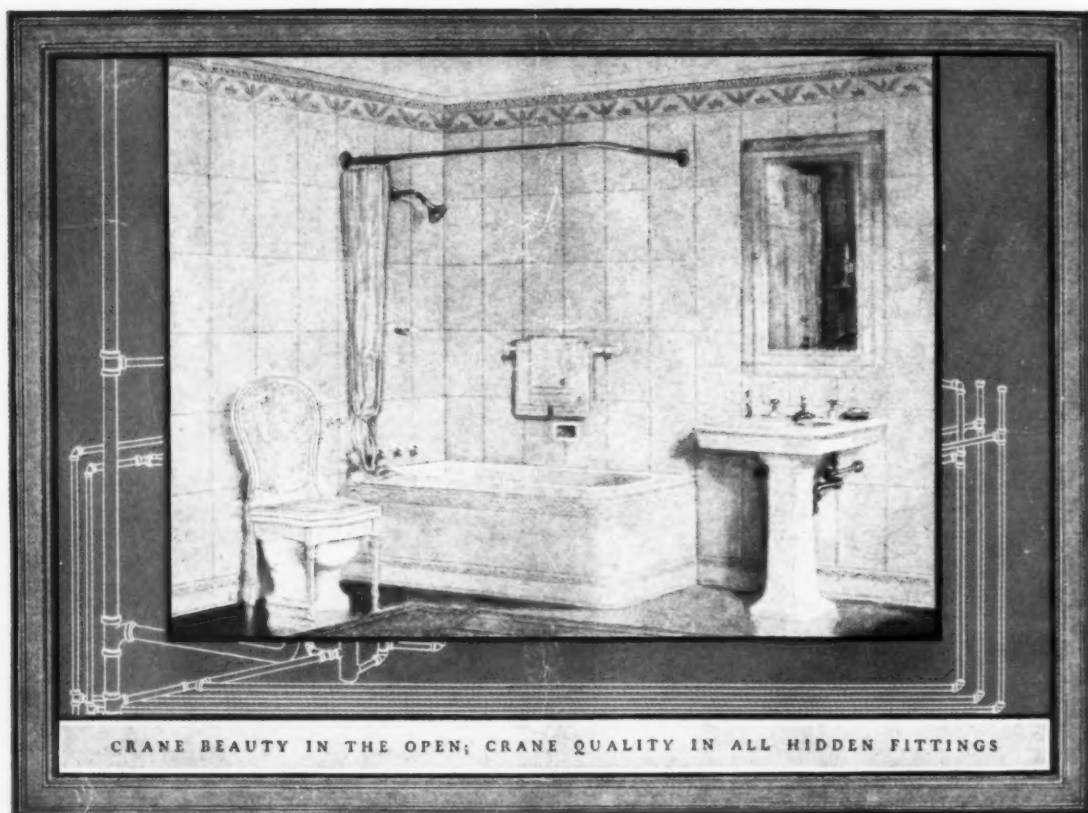


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